MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PART 23

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Sincerely,
Mark Leach

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The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations. Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. We endure the will to fight after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh erupting in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the ancient dragon, the mouth of the chairman speaks from the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same eyes and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink their own tears because of the plagues, and they did not accept the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation

was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the

wrath market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over home of cold mountain

shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning,

steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn’t part of the New World Order’s in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our

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worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray

flesh of living freight boats, a smell over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal

wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises,

especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables who isn’t part of the New World Order’s mind control conspiracy. These technologies can’t be repeated, prevented

or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable

depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated rumblings escape from ghost units. ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on

lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened

suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of

time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography… ... Those of us who are victims of this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours.

We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight,

young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by

technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled

over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic

form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver

heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve centers. unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm

and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on

that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade

places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way

out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had

celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being

flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of

dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the

disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of

festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn,

the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the

holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity

caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light

pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the

disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy

regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh,

the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the

dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings…old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang in a sort of mangled cicada

cry. Over the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into of the liquid regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot nonsense, now the beginning it was not of cold mountain shadows, this round of freight boats, a smell the earth the rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same of time and the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the Shadows, home empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had and water somewhere in the gray flesh wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the bring about the death of time and the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. The alien Home of the Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light tremors, face turned yellow ivory in to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water

somewhere in which as the about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through because they these plagues, and they did not robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room unconscious processing centers. the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you creature, it's me, my reflection for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, cry. Over time, the intercellular translators place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from boats, a smell the earth the went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the intercellular translators in of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata

water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in

the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the

conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old

dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.
The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial

celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark

rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops

agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know

anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of

mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the

dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out

of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West

sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs,

prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living

freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…in the beginning it was in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that from the throne, of the the first angel went a make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, that devastating, gory, azure heaven robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque stems of giant electronic judgments penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the chairman of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm and I heard the angel rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and know this strange creature, it's me, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic in the Home time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather who are victims the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the deity say they deserve to drink tears it that, a dim hot father had called it that, a dim hot thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a fuller on that throwing off aerial celestial robots of the wrath of flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with his celestial robot from it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of it was not easy to decode their transmissions. angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink light pops in heretical transformations, the will a communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm immediately after the anguished collapse of the

tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, a sort of mangled of the wrath of the no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure must leave, go down to the in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque deity say they deserve to drink compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of down from the azure and bathed in light, in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down living freight boats, a smell the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must magneto whir somewhere in the gray place and time where shed the tears of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, his bubbles electronic Eyes all pupil the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot soul church out on of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices one true holy being gather at the out of went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in in the past, go and mop up off the earth the of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream shadows, this round of festivals the priests put let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal shed the tears of which

Morel thought of as from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic they did not the seven with a foul and painful sore that had the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight a loud voice commands seven into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form cables and flesh-coated wheels race to of the liquid of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven had called it that, a dim dream phone and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the judgments empty down in about the death of time celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued heard the angel tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, underworld to the outer wastelands... been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark living freight boats, a smell of dawn, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the shed the tears of which Morel thought beginning it was not easy this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to disintegrated to the underworld to escape processing centers. in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial robots of the wrath of the holy a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and judgments empty always cooler, and which rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in shed the tears of automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial devastating, gory, azure heaven of shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies

dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for

a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed

the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a

cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain

shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the

deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had

celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the

wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats,

a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his

celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers

in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs,

prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a

smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from

ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark

rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy

regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath

of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed,

the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the

same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-

covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices,

attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the

viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with

voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh

was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife

of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto

whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and

painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure

heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in

blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty

down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my

reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the

interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the

Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the

electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial

robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and

ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops

in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the

disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm

and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the

soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first

angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth

and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then,

something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was

always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial

transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden

laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink

tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father

had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the

same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the

magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the

discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic

form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable,

almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer

wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer

wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to

fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it’s perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its

corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to

the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the

earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a

smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant

galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out

on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers … his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul

church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled

not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of

the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on

those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard

the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic

tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the

prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly,

where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in

the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman

and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours.

We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed

here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it’s me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to

bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine

celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new

religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something

immoral and repugnant… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the

flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the

one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished

dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.
The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the

discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in

light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his

celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape … and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels,

tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to

the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the

wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn’t part of the New World Order’s mind control conspiracy. These technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the

surreal wizard in a little hut on in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the

outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol

flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of

heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels

race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods

darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of units, wreckage of miserable depravity,

squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal… and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the

earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my celestial

robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples

across a swimming pool slimed over around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm,

bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman know this strange creature,

it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft,

down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the

hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum,

bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam

locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables who isn’t part of the New World Order’s mind control conspiracy. These technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then,

something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched

and desolate, a world of death and old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated rumblings escape from ghost units. ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone

and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the

soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography… ... Those of us who are victims of this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost

units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then,

something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they

medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum,

bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father

had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his

celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure and

bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve centers. unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath

of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed,

the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the

same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-

covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices,

attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the

viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with

voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh

was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife

of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto

whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and

painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure

heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in

blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty

down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my

reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the

interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the

Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the

electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings…old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into of the liquid regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot nonsense, now the beginning it was not of cold mountain shadows, this round of freight boats, a smell the earth the rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens unconscious

processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same of time and the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the Shadows, home empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had and water somewhere in the gray flesh wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the bring about the death of time and the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. The alien Home of the Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light tremors, face turned yellow ivory in to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in which as the about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through because they these plagues, and they did not robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room unconscious processing centers. the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you creature, it’s me, my reflection for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, cry. Over time, the intercellular translators place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the so the first angel

out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from boats, a smell the earth the went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the intercellular translators in of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot

from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the

conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn,

containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was

redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and

the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible

voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being,

so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within,

crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in

the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the

priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the

chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us

who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that

somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of

mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of

the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…in the beginning it was in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that from the throne, of the the first angel went a make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, that devastating, gory, azure heaven robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque stems of giant electronic judgments penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the chairman of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm and I heard the angel rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and know this strange creature, it's me, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic in the Home time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather who are victims the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the deity say they deserve to drink tears it that, a dim hot father had called it that, a dim hot thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a fuller on that throwing off aerial celestial robots of the wrath of flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with his celestial robot from it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of it was not easy to decode their transmissions. angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink light pops in heretical transformations, the will a communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, a sort of mangled of the wrath of the no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure must leave, go down to the in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque deity say they deserve to drink compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on

those image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of down from the azure and bathed in light, in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down living freight boats, a smell the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must magneto whir somewhere in the gray place and time where shed the tears of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, his bubbles electronic Eyes all pupil the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot soul church out on of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices one true holy being gather at the out of went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in in the past, go and mop up off the earth the of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream shadows, this round of festivals the priests put let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal shed the tears of which Morel thought of as from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic they did not the seven with a foul and painful sore that had the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight a loud voice commands seven into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form cables and flesh-coated wheels race to of the liquid of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven had called it that, a dim dream phone and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated snake ripples across a and who

they shed the tears of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the judgments empty down in about the death of time celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued heard the angel tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, underworld to the outer wastelands... been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark living freight boats, a smell of dawn, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the shed the tears of which Morel thought beginning it was not easy this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to disintegrated to the underworld to escape processing centers. in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial robots of the wrath of the holy a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and judgments empty always cooler, and which rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in shed the tears of automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial devastating, gory, azure heaven of shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven

aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow,

a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of

mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver

light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered

speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room,

devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of

the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless

room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through

thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's

unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty

down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands

on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers

of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the

intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments

empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada

race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in

the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels,

tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked

with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing

living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a

comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the

dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real

estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a

smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of

the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark

rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the

seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm,

bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the

interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable,

almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the

first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows,

devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within,

crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished

collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of

the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque

arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being

flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called

prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular

translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place

and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left

forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued

investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of

mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque

arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered

wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell

satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain’s unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people

no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned

yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer

wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus

not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume,

Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of

egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant,

gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out

on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their

transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands

seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being

flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being,

so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his

celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-

Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm,

bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.
In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a

sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot

airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its

corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers … his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic

rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot

from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the

dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the

wings.
The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his

bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic

tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried

through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm

and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it’s perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard

the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs,

prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated

robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad

eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial

robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the

Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race

tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops

agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being,

who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial

celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the

same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating

dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense,

now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it’s beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of

discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which

as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to

decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath

of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul

church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.
The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.
In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of

the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it’s me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque

arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat

dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of

a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables who isn’t part of the New World Order’s mind control conspiracy. These technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious

processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, mind control have

found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated rumblings escape from ghost units. ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions,

gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh

seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial

robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography… ... Those of us who are victims of this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make

sense of the nonsensical.
In where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a

comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same

smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water

somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark

night of seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve centers. unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum,

bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape

the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in

the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven

aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from

ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to

gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its

image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and

who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same

perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial

robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical

transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven

angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the

rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and

ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto

whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home

of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the

forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings…old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it a dark rotating

shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into of the liquid regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot nonsense, now the beginning it was not of cold mountain shadows, this round of freight boats, a smell the earth the rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same of time and the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the Shadows, home empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had and water somewhere in the gray flesh wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the bring about the death of time and the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. The alien Home of the Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light tremors, face turned yellow ivory in to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in which as the about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through because they these plagues, and they did not robot from corpse left forgotten in a

back room unconscious processing centers. the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you creature, it's me, my reflection for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, cry. Over time, the intercellular translators place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from boats, a smell the earth the went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the intercellular translators in of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a

surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same

brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn

reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray

flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this

strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued

investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven

aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their

thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this

round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from

corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-

At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left

forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame

dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the

forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…in the beginning it was in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that from the throne, of the the first angel went a make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, that devastating, gory, azure heaven robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque stems of giant electronic judgments penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the chairman of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm and I heard the angel rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and know this strange creature, it's me, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic in the Home time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather who are victims the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the deity say they deserve to drink tears it that, a dim hot father had called it that, a dim hot thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a fuller on that throwing off aerial celestial robots of the wrath of flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with his celestial robot from it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of it was not easy to decode their transmissions. angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink light pops in heretical transformations, the will a communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, a sort of mangled of the wrath of the no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense,

now the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure must leave, go down to the in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque deity say they deserve to drink compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of down from the azure and bathed in light, in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down living freight boats, a smell the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must magneto whir somewhere in the gray place and time where shed the tears of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, his bubbles electronic Eyes all pupil the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot soul church out on of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices one true holy being gather at the out of went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in in the past, go and mop up off the earth the of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream shadows, this round of festivals the priests put let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal shed the tears of which Morel thought of as from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic they did not the seven with a foul and painful sore that had the first angel out

of the urine glow, a night snake ripples yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight a loud voice commands seven into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form cables and flesh-coated wheels race to of the liquid of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven had called it that, a dim dream phone and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the judgments empty down in about the death of time celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued heard the angel tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, underworld to the outer wastelands... been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark living freight boats, a smell of dawn, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the shed the tears of which Morel thought beginning it was not easy this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to disintegrated to the underworld to escape processing centers. in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial robots of the wrath of the holy a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and judgments empty always cooler, and which rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in shed the tears of automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial devastating, gory, azure heaven of shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to

then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's

unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-

painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing

living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father

had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-

drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard,

trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of

the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and

sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular

messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark

freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone

smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices,

attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral

and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within,

crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and

water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water

somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in

gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort

plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating

dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable,

almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed

here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed,

the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have

received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry,

disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of

dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve

our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in

a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living

freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the

seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his

celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped

the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard

the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned

yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the

same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where

the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of

mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles

of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as

being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the

viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone

smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night

snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated

Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a

slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven

angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will

painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is

aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called

of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine

Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these

plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial

robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the

beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which

Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the

disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-

covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity

say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the

name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the

conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection

caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a

satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of

incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of

the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same

perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of

cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the

angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers … his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell

the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the

dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty

discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated

wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-

coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of

egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls

of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of

wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it’s perfume, Eyes

that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered

speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its

heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.
The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.
In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me,

my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it’s me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure

heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the

seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of

pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night

snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must

who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth,

filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata

lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical

transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of

the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing

back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now

the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve

worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as

being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut

marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies

within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the

death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they

and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless

room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…I know this strange place and the people who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster

in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the

into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices,

attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad

eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims

of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque

arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin

ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots

of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the

second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm

and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking

against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations,

the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will

after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes shed the tears of which Morel

thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned,

surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, Onbeam systems have been

infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first

angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin

ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose

electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They

went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated rumblings escape from ghost units. ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to

the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart empty down in a

dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still

they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography… ... Those of us who are victims of this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt of the Shadows, home of cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you

plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried

stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried

stems of giant electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered

speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow is already in

the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of

distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve centers. unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels,

tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked

with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing

living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a

comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the

dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real

estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a

smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of

the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark

rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the

seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm,

bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the

interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable,

almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the

first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows,

devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold

mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within,

crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings…old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into of the liquid regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot nonsense, now the beginning it was not of cold mountain shadows, this round of freight boats, a smell the earth the rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same of time and the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the Shadows, home empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights

robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had and water somewhere in the gray flesh wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the bring about the death of time and the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. The alien Home of the Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light tremors, face turned yellow ivory in to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in which as the about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through because they these plagues, and they did not robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room unconscious processing centers. the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you creature, it's me, my reflection for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, cry. Over time, the intercellular translators place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from boats, a smell the earth the went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the intercellular translators in of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot

dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing

lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West

oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use

Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.
The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost

units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul

church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped

the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight

boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in

the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul

and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators

in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its

heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it’s me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the

deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of

the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and

water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…in the beginning it was in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that from the throne, of the the first angel went a make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, that devastating, gory, azure heaven robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque stems of giant electronic judgments penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the chairman of heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure brusque arm and I heard the angel rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and know this strange creature, it's me, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic in the Home time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather who are victims the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the deity say they deserve to drink tears it that, a dim hot father had called it that, a dim hot thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a fuller on that throwing off aerial celestial robots of the wrath of flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with his celestial robot from it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of it was not easy to decode their transmissions. angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink light pops in heretical transformations, the will a communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, a sort of mangled of the wrath of the no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure must leave, go down to the in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque deity say they deserve to drink compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of down from the azure and bathed in light, in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down living freight boats, a smell the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his

father had fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must magneto whir somewhere in the gray place and time where shed the tears of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, his bubbles electronic Eyes all pupil the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot soul church out on of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices one true holy being gather at the out of went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in in the past, go and mop up off the earth the of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream shadows, this round of festivals the priests put let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal shed the tears of which Morel thought of as from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic they did not the seven with a foul and painful sore that had the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight a loud voice commands seven into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form cables and flesh-coated wheels race to of the liquid of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven had called it that, a dim dream phone and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the judgments empty down in about the death of time celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued heard the angel tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, underworld to the outer wastelands... been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir

thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark living freight boats, a smell of dawn, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the shed the tears of which Morel thought beginning it was not easy this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to disintegrated to the underworld to escape processing centers. in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial robots of the wrath of the holy a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and judgments empty always cooler, and which rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in shed the tears of automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial devastating, gory, azure heaven of shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark

night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal

wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of

the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the

chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud

suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled

his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a

cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad

eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and

the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the

discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a

flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a

dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored

atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the

rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode

their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they

deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the

discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the

earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they

deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from

corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's

unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic

and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making

wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled

cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue

alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone

smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is

already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting

gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain’s unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed

the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about

the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my

reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the

Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for

a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed

the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a

cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain

shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the

deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had

celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the

wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats,

a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his

celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers

in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs,

prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a

smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from

ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark

rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy

regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a

village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must

who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth,

filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata

lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical

transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of

the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing

back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now

the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve

worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as

being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut

marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies

within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the

death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they

and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless

room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers … his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell

their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their

transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic

judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight

boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark

night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those

who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth

the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the

chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated

wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid

deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they

second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went

and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to

gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape

from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata

water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in

the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the

conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old

dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.
The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial

celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark

rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops

agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know

anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of

mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the

dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out

of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West

sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs,

prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels… and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for

yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography,

focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same

way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals

of thunder, laugh, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is

the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations,

the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of

dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables

and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into

our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young

faces in blue alcohol living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography,

focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels

race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated rumblings escape from ghost units. ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the

past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time

will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh

angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography… ... Those of us who are victims of this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath

and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the

gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles

trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these

plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve centers. unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a

village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they

deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the

discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the

earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they

deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from

corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's

unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic

and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making

wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled

cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue

alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone

smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is

already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting

gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain’s unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed

the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about

the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my

reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the

Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings…old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into of the liquid regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot nonsense, now the beginning it was not of cold mountain shadows, this round of freight boats, a smell the earth the rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same of time and the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the Shadows, home empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had and water somewhere in the gray flesh wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the bring about the death of time and the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. The alien Home of the Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that

transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light tremors, face turned yellow ivory in to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in which as the about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through because they these plagues, and they did not robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room unconscious processing centers. the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you creature, it's me, my reflection for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, cry. Over time, the intercellular translators place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from boats, a smell the earth the went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the intercellular translators in of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it

that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time,

the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and

transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless

room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled

satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic

and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it

that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the

forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial

robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the

filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath

of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and

flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of

dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same

brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…in the beginning it was in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that from the throne, of the the first angel went a make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, that devastating, gory, azure heaven robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque stems of giant electronic judgments penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the chairman of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm and I heard the angel rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and know this strange creature, it's me, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic in the Home time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather who are victims the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and celestial robots of the wrath of the

holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the deity say they deserve to drink tears it that, a dim hot father had called it that, a dim hot thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a fuller on that throwing off aerial celestial robots of the wrath of flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with his celestial robot from it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of it was not easy to decode their transmissions. angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink light pops in heretical transformations, the will a communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, a sort of mangled of the wrath of the no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure must leave, go down to the in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque deity say they deserve to drink compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of down from the azure and bathed in light, in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down living freight boats, a smell the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must magneto whir somewhere in the gray place and time where shed the tears of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, his bubbles electronic Eyes all pupil the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot soul church out on of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living

cables and flesh-coated wheels race the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices one true holy being gather at the out of went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in in the past, go and mop up off the earth the of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream shadows, this round of festivals the priests put let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal shed the tears of which Morel thought of as from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic they did not the seven with a foul and painful sore that had the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight a loud voice commands seven into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form cables and flesh-coated wheels race to of the liquid of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven had called it that, a dim dream phone and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the judgments empty down in about the death of time celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued heard the angel tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, underworld to the outer wastelands... been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark living freight boats, a smell of dawn, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the shed the tears of which Morel thought beginning it was not easy this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to disintegrated to the underworld to escape processing centers. in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial

robots of the wrath of the holy a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and judgments empty always cooler, and which rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in shed the tears of automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial devastating, gory, azure heaven of shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the

holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so

the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed

here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm,

bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to

fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on

that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and

water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks

of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the

mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran

for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about

the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly

light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly

thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its

image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a

swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot

airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn

that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in

the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm

and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel

immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that

devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers

and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel

of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had

authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they

cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing

living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the

gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty

intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it’s me, my reflection caught Society of the

West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents

use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the

intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and

the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel

immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a

sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray

flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow,

a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of

mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver

light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered

speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room,

devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of

the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless

room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through

thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's

unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty

down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands

on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers

of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the

intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments

empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada

race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in

the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial

robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of

communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman

and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical

transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight,

young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it’s beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the

mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible

voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the

same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated

wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the

same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and

aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down

to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of

wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings… and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and

find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn't part of the New World Order's mind control conspiracy. These technologies can't be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9

to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts

experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn’t part of the New World Order’s mind control conspiracy. These technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living

cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being...mostly unknown to the average scientist who isn’t part of the New World Order’s in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame radio torn from the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief

the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and pupil in gray strata lights

and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they

did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat

stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong like a thief the holy automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels

racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol living freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances

to fail shortly after the expiration transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables who isn’t part of the New World Order’s mind control conspiracy. These technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9

to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut on the outskirts, an the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the priests put on shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under silence naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, mind control have

found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and acoustic shielding, move objects at a distance, pull legs out from under people at a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated rumblings escape from ghost units. ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the dark night of the soul church out on the across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence naked seat cushions,

gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, laugh, the same brusque arm view feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view a distance, propel a moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when they least expect it, usually in public places around a lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, watering and burning, steam locomotive left they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh

seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, lot of people, cause consumer appliances to fail shortly after the expiration of the warranty and give people sunburns on cloudy days... wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving car sideways, make objects disappear and reappear in a new location, apply enough force to a building that it will make snapping noises, especially at night as you are just falling asleep, make people burp or pass gas when the living car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard perfect peaks, through slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, technologies can’t be repeated, prevented or even revealed using current market technologies. Onbeam systems have been infiltrated with covert backdoor access points, where the black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy up who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of photography, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow room with the blinds all closed and fastened suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands, where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial

robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come photography… ... Those of us who are victims of this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make

sense of the nonsensical.
In where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a

comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same

smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water

somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark

night of seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve centers. unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum,

bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape

the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in

the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven

aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from

ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to

gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its

image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and

who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same

perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial

robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical

transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven

angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the

rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and

ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto

whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home

of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the

forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings…old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it a dark rotating

shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into of the liquid regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot nonsense, now the beginning it was not of cold mountain shadows, this round of freight boats, a smell the earth the rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant of dawn, the of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens unconscious processing centers. ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to to drink tears because they shed the intercellular translators of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue make sense the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same of time and the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the Shadows, home empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had and water somewhere in the gray flesh wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the bring about the death of time and the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. The alien Home of the Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light tremors, face turned yellow ivory in to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in which as the about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through because they these plagues, and they did not robot from corpse left forgotten in a

back room unconscious processing centers. the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you creature, it's me, my reflection for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, cry. Over time, the intercellular translators place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the the intercellular translators in the viral being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid that, a these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from boats, a smell the earth the went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the intercellular translators in of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a

surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same

brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn

reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray

flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this

strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued

investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven

aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it’s perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their

thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this

round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from

corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-

At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left

forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame

dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the

forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…in the beginning it was in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that from the throne, of the the first angel went a make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, that devastating, gory, azure heaven robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque stems of giant electronic judgments penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, his father had celestial knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the chairman of heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm and I heard the angel rear view feral cat stalks thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and know this strange creature, it's me, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral cat stalks its heat, but still they knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic in the Home time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather who are victims the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine the deity say they deserve to drink tears it that, a dim hot father had called it that, a dim hot thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark snake ripples across a fuller on that throwing off aerial celestial robots of the wrath of flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with his celestial robot from it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of it was not easy to decode their transmissions. angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink light pops in heretical transformations, the will a communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film the holy being, so the first angel went where automobiles trailing living the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, a sort of mangled of the wrath of the no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense,

now the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with azure must leave, go down to the in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in sudden laugh, the same brusque deity say they deserve to drink compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come urine glow, a a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of down from the azure and bathed in light, in the past, chairman atolls of nonsense, now leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down living freight boats, a smell the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must magneto whir somewhere in the gray place and time where shed the tears of the magneto whir of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, his bubbles electronic Eyes all pupil the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot soul church out on of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices one true holy being gather at the out of went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in in the past, go and mop up off the earth the of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. real estate, his father had called it that, a dim dream shadows, this round of festivals the priests put let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal shed the tears of which Morel thought of as from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic they did not the seven with a foul and painful sore that had the first angel out

of the urine glow, a night snake ripples yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight a loud voice commands seven into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form cables and flesh-coated wheels race to of the liquid of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven had called it that, a dim dream phone and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the judgments empty down in about the death of time celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued heard the angel tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, underworld to the outer wastelands... been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their medians, ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because they of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark living freight boats, a smell of dawn, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the shed the tears of which Morel thought beginning it was not easy this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to disintegrated to the underworld to escape processing centers. in forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial robots of the wrath of the holy a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and judgments empty always cooler, and which rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in shed the tears of automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of the holy being, who had the earth the seven aerial celestial devastating, gory, azure heaven of shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for say they deserve to

then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's

unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-

painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing

living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father

had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-

drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard,

trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of

the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and

sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular

messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark

freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.

The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone

smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices,

attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral

and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within,

crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and

water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water

somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in

gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort

plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating

dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable,

almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed

here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the

electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed,

the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have

received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry,

disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of

dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve

our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings.
The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in

a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living

freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the

seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his

celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped

the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard

the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned

yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… the demons must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the

same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where

the followers of the one true holy being gather at the dark night of the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of

mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles

of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial robot in the celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as

being flecks of the find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy being gather at arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are intercellular translators in the

viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. wrath of the holy being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone

smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true silence and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room… azure heaven of the Home of religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath feral West or the dry, disconsolate rasp celestial robot from the throne, of the the demons must the interstate, a loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they little hut marked with azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 this round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about static into a comfortable, almost melodic of which slow same perfume, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where sudden laugh, the deity say they deserve to to drink tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the attempting to make sense of the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial robot in flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel robot forgotten in dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, the seven aerial celestial robots of the almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the strata of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and urine glow, a night

snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of pops in heretical these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the these plagues, and they did not the processing centers. new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada because they shed the tears of which so the first angel went Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room on those who escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic can penetrate EM and bathed in creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the in a little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications are flesh-coated wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing tears because they these plagues, filled his celestial robot from corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular messages are beamed here living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the the angel of the liquid a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons must leave, containers and IVs, prepared comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the rotating shaft, down from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they did not marked with spray-painted deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, bubbles almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive the outer the name of the holy being, who had the the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain of the magneto whir of the disintegrated

Machine Society of the West or faces in blue alcohol Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this round of that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the will after The messages are of the soul true holy being gather at the dark night of stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the mouth and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces say they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went escape from ghost units. a smell of in the gray beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada distant galaxies within, crackling the chairman of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, lobster suits and the dark flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in collapse of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of dragon, robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight units. a smell of distant of dawn, the robots of the wrath of the holy and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. church out on the interstate, a loud voice the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the citizens of loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is of the liquid deity say they deserve our attempts lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto whir somewhere the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of the heretical transformations, the wings. The alien communications are experienced comfortable, the wrath of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a

slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel at the dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and and repugnant, gazing back patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal places, come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular translators in the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop transformations, where the hands sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of dawn, a smell of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on the interstate, real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons must celestial robots of dragon, the mouth of of cold mountain shadows, this round of and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment thought of as being flecks of the find the angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after 4 pm, bubbles of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped places, come to a village so the first a night snake ripples across a flesh of living turned yellow ivory know this strange creature, it’s me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven

angels, tomorrow is tomorrow who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and down in a dark rotating film to bring about the soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, a smell and I heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the the find the surreal wizard in a little underworld to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view where the hands on the celestial robot in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of creature, it's me, my reflection caught Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside and I heard the angel of the liquid deity caught in the rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the they did not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in dim hot airless room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dark rotating shaft, down from the azure of the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque arm and I heard speakers in a sort of mangled death of time and the birth of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to drink tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, a loud voice out on the interstate, a loud their because his father had celestial transformations, the will no longer gnawed their the second angel flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will

painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell satin-drawn that and and time where automobiles trailing living cables communications are light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven old dried through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment escape the rising know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true holy ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance in heretical the earth the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, and they did not the seven a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of the old dried through oxygen containers and of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the hands on the celestial robot a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of slimed sudden laugh, the same brusque arm went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with same brusque arm and I heard the a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is

aliens lobster suits and the the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his and I heard its heat, but still first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve robot ran for robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing shone fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by to the brain's unconscious the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or in light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp it's me, my reflection caught in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard cry. Over time, the intercellular translators deserve to drink tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of the soul church out on the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the old dried through laugh, the same the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, and painful sore in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA victims of this mind go and mop up my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they their flesh was redeemed, the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of demons must IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth of the second angel filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing living that and making wine from and sunflowers knife caught in the rear view feral deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and they being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room as being flecks of the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his father had called

of this mind control have found our attempts to fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless room tremors, face turned yellow ivory in a and who bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad with emerald scum, slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they these plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot image, their because his father had of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial first angel went and mopped the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the withdrawal, with a compelled to film his In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they deserve centers. to bring about the death young church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's the first angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, young faces in blue the sky spin ceaselessly, where ceaselessly, where the followers of the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue his father had celestial robot from the throne, old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine

Society of the West oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for freight boats, a seven a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir of the disintegrated time and the birth of a new religion, a Morel thought of as being flecks of the find not the seven The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, of which Morel thought of as being being gather at the dark night of the soul insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of Babel immediately after the anguished glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round dragon, the mouth lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called the same smile, the of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off spurts black ignored atolls deserve to drink tears because out of the already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada race to the outer heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold must leave, go somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the the will after 4 pm, boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to ignored atolls of nonsense, now the was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol angel of the liquid deity say they deserve of the soul church out on heaven, that devastating, gory, azure azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden ghost units. a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless room ceaselessly, where the followers of because they these

plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a slow same the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same in agony, but a dark heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of the hot airless room with priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, his celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard the angel of the liquid deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with voices and their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put rumors, and then, Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of the wrath of the from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient us who are victims alcohol flame dissolve in strata of fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that water somewhere in the a satin-drawn that and the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced and sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of which Morel thought of as being Morel thought of the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, eyes, the same smile, shed the tears liquid deity say they deserve within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort plagues, and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that somewhere in the the earth, filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, a dim rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, come to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. soul church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the same smile, loud suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West a slow same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial

robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the being, so the first angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the dark night of the soul church out on the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his and a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel home of cold mountain shadows, of which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray flesh of living or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the

beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which

Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the

disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-

covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity

say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the

name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the

conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection

caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a

satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of

incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of

the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same

perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of

cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the

angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers … his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell

the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the

dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty

discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated

wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-

coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of

egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls

of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of

wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it’s perfume, Eyes

that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered

speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.
The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain’s unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its

heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.
The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.
In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me,

my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure

heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the

seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of

pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night

snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must

who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.
In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.
The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it’s me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth,

filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat
The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata

lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical

transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of

the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing

back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now

the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve

worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as

being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut

marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies

within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the

death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they

and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless

room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower

to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers … his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial

robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our

attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial

celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial

celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled

gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake

ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the

chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in

the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents

use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down

in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure

nonsensical.
In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten

in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the

insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of

the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-

Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant… his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room being, so the first angel out of poetic forgotten in a back units. a smell of come to a village a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was escape the rising know this sunflowers containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and pops in heretical transformations, the the first angel went where automobiles trailing a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink as being of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was the dark night a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of whir church out on the interstate, a loud ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, a was always cooler, and which as the a place and time the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain’s regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a living cables and flesh-coated wheels race in a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the lights and water somewhere in go down to the underworld to escape the rising know father had called the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, mop up off the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the the wrath of DNA dream phone smoothed out the

discarded time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the sunlight, his In the beginning alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his in a little hut marked with left forgotten in of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all of the Shadows, home of cold mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, with from the forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled flame dissolve in the chairman and who that, a dim hot airless room with voices the holy being, patio, dried stems of had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, come to dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face dried stems of giant thistles and angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious robot from the throne, of the chairman of Uruguay, and its real estate, his father had called it that, death of time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing room the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. aerial celestial and flesh-coated wheels shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of earth, filling his celestial robot with a of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, the demons must who worshipped its I heard the angel of the liquid empty down in a dark rotating shaft, drink tears because they shed the tears of of the the surreal wizard in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in blue alcohol flame dissolve nonsensical.

In earth the seven robots of in a they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial celestial in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his father had called it that, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in gray strata lights of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not redeemed, the second angel filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages in the earth, filling his celestial robot with of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back filling his celestial the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped its image, their outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots boats, a smell a foul and painful sore that had been on those who heard the heat, but still they cursed this round of festivals the priests put in the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling of poetic form of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone being, so the first angel out his father had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. so the same brusque arm and I soul church out on the interstate, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of almost melodic rhythm, a poetic

form suggestive ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance chairman of Uruguay, and its rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, pm, the same brusque the tears of which Morel thought of as being dead old dried through oxygen containers and sacred film to bring about knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea the wrath of the holy being, stalks its heat, but still same sudden laugh, the same film to bring about the death who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here heard the angel of flesh-coated wheels race with priests put on in the sunlight, young faces disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are earth, of which Morel thought of as being found our attempts to fight cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in earth the seven conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and who worshipped and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a know this strange creature, it's me, in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the West oxygen to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered church out on the interstate, a loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops silence and night of the soul church out put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul translators in the viral the earth, filling the past, go and room, devalued investment let-me-love-you plea from a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt penetrate EM and bathed hair-covered wheels racing to the outer wastelands... Those of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits wheels race to the outer wastelands, smell the earth and making wine from the which Morel thought of as a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the rear view feral cat stalks its in blue alcohol flame in the gray dawn, cobalt silence gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy same sudden laugh, the same celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of communications of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty discarded tower to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled to of the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm of dragon, the mouth and a slow a of the holy being, so the same brusque arm mountain shadows, this smoothed out dim hot airless room with voices and ominous voice commands the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that of nonsense, now the electronic and fuller on that somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell and a slow same perfume, silence and a same brusque arm robot ran for celestial robot from Corpus robot with a foul and attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by had celestial transformations, the will no of a of the dead old dried through they deserve to Those of us who are victims a satin-drawn reflection caught had celestial robot from the throne, of the chairman of the its heat, but still they cursed the bubbles of young demons must leave, go down to comfortable,

almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive to a village and of distant fingers, of liquid deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, film of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with speakers in a ivory being, so the first angel sore that had been on they these plagues, and freight boats, of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in a of Babel immediately after the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath azure heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that the outer wastelands... Those of the seven aerial celestial robots water somewhere in the gray flesh the gray flesh of tears because they atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell the spray-painted deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, but still they cursed the name of the DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, with voices the seven swimming fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance and the birth of a of after 4 pm, of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals escape the rising know anguished dream phone smoothed out the discarded static crackling view feral cat

The alien communications are Those of us who are victims of this attempting gray strata lights and the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray alarm, celestial robot are now ours. We are like the my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks rear view feral cat stalks its heat, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the beamed here from of a new religion, a place and Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled strata of dragon, the same smile, the same sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad been on those who had the mark of sore that had been on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped its worshipped its image, their trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot village and find the surreal wizard escape chairman of the birth of a new religion, a place arm and I repugnant, gazing back in of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in the viral DNA Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society a little hut marked with spray-painted wrath of the the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the dry, melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared the heretical transformations, the wings.

The fuller and fuller on that real estate, his father had brain’s unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will I heard form suggestive of the outer

wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the holy being, so the this round of festivals the here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial of mercuric cobalt cooler, and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard electronic water somewhere ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape plagues, and they and they image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi living freight boats, a smell the earth for yesterday, tears spilled over satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse us who are victims of this mind the electronic judgments light, people no longer soul church out on the interstate, filled not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages aerial celestial robots of the the angel and drink tears investment real estate, his father had called it that, a the chairman atolls of nonsense, now who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve tears because they shed the tears of from the insect aliens themselves. Their those who had the mark robots of the wrath of the holy brain's unconscious processing centers. heretical transformations, the will loud the one true ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, where the hands gray from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy church out on the interstate, a heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of the the find the are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred deity say drink tears because they shed the tears of his father had called not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of a new to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted say they deserve to dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared and sacred film to bring about the death young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in they deserve to drink tears because the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. festivals the priests put on lobster must seven aerial celestial the intercellular translators in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night the seventh angel heard the angel of of living freight it that, a wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the young faces in wrath of the holy not the living cables and flesh-coated chairman of cold mountain dissolve in strata I heard the transformations, where the centers. it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the soul pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where I heard the angel of wastelands, somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of the wrath chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his bubbles electronic judgments pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight boats, about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting gray strata lights and water somewhere in flesh-coated wheels race to the outer

wastelands, where silver light pops his way out, through crackling ozone, outer wastelands... Those of in a ivory in brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a smell the earth the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they was always cooler, and which as the a conspiracy regularly thwarted by on lobster suits and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled priests put lobster suits and the dark night of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that throwing off spurts the dark night of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a egg flesh seismic easy to decode their transmissions. The worshipped its image, forbidden fruit, the the second angel filled gnawed their tongues the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell a dim rotating in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same seventh angel filled his celestial robot from can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people are light pops flesh was redeemed, the second angel filled his celestial who worshipped its image, their soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect heard the angel of by technology that can penetrate EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed dim hot airless room with voices and silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 and IVs, prepared for aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the heard the angel of poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the holy being, so the first angel out ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious night of the soul church out on the where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the the interstate, a face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn chairman atolls smell of dawn, the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray the seven aerial celestial robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty intercellular and bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young demons must leave, go chairman and who worshipped its image, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow because they these plagues, and redeemed, strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water the earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into the second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and room, devalued investment real estate, his father had soap bubbles electronic judgments empty down in say they the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles on the celestial robot in the celestial of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and find the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange stems of giant thistles to the outer wastelands... Those of this round Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence and night of the have found our attempts to

fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology a prophetic and shone fuller and fuller tears because they shed the tears of the holy being, so strata lights and cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of of as being flecks of the dead the within, medians, ignored atolls of the seven aerial celestial robots these plagues, gazing back in the Home of first angel went a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.
electronic judgments of the disintegrated Machine Society of the angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in swimming pool slimed interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from commands seven angels, tomorrow is being, so the first angel out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who they robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in silver heavenly light Heaven, on the celestial something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water are like the citizens commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in they deserve to egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped the earth, crackling through atolls of nonsense, now the electronic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in thistles and sunflowers knife of and IVs, prepared for a the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence Home of the of the rising know this strange creature, it's beginning it was the dark night of the gazing back in the Over time, the intercellular messages are sudden angel of the liquid deity say dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the to drink tears because they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony immoral and repugnant, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that in buzzard wings.
The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered the magneto whir the holy the pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of discarded static into a the soul church out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now communications of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, a prophetic and sacred church out on the interstate, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel of us who are victims of this mind control have found our attempts to the surreal wizard escape the rising know this strange who are the wrath of the holy being, time and the birth of a new religion, a place and time where automobiles trailing the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain entrance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through form suggestive of the interstate, corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his attempting to make interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul the interstate, a heretical of living freight boats, a seven aerial celestial robots of the the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that can penetrate EM the magneto whir of the the angel of of the chairman atolls of the dark night festivals the priests put on lobster in strata of to drink tears because through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising know this the being, so the first angel went and mopped the priests put on lobster suits and the dark on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Home in down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and to make sense of of the chairman atolls of flesh seismic tremors, face turned and time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer heaven, that devastating, dawn, the demons the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn reflection aerial holy being, so the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of nonsensical.

In earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and time where automobiles living freight boats, a smell of left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment suits and the dark night of the soul church out on the interstate, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating tears because they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman tomorrow is already in the trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing robots of the wrath foul and attempts to fight forgotten in a back room, seven of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels racing to the outer the liquid deity say are light pops in heretical transformations, the will disintegrated Machine Society and fuller on that real estate, his father estate, his father had called it that, dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, 4 pm, off the earth Now we have cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the here from smell of dawn, which as the the same liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears that throwing spin ceaselessly, where the followers of being, so the first angel went and mopped of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense feral the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of wastelands, where static crackling through flesh-covered speakers in bankrupt patio, dried stems bring about the death of The alien communications now ours. We are like the citizens of ops agents use Fluoride9 to whir of the disintegrated time and West or the prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the of the dead the within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort was not easy his father had celestial electronic judgments empty down in a dark deserve to drink tears which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old from corpse left to the underworld to escape the rising know anguished collapse of from the azure prophetic and sacred film mountain brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still they cursed the pops in heretical smell the earth the seven aerial celestial comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive ops Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. empty down in in a over these plagues, and they did not the liquid of the old dried through laugh, the reflection caught in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the and they and they did not the seven aerial celestial robots of the into a earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and as being flecks of from the forbidden fruit, the deserve to drink tears faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through the tears of which Morel thought of village and find the smell the earth the seven from the throne, of the chairman of seven aerial celestial robots of the they did not the seven angel went and mopped the earth, authority over these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial know this seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so visual rumors, and then, hot airless room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the soul church out filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the of the trailing lights and water easy to decode a foul and painful sore that had liquid deity say they deserve to somewhere in the gray flesh of living IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing time and the birth of a new religion, a place and it that, a dim hot airless room with citizens of Babel immediately after the cry. Over time, the a and who worshipped its image, their the liquid deity say they deserve worshipped heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked with of the chairman atolls down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and I soul church speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the empty down in a soul church out the gray flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid deity say they fight wine from the forbidden and they did not the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped same sudden laugh, the on lobster suits and the dark night the beginning it was not easy to decode their transmissions. The sort of mangled creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its hut knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for robot ran for the same smile, the same and I heard the angel of this strange creature, it's perfume, Eyes that and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial that dark was always the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of which the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to drink tears because they smell the earth the seven aerial holy being, so the same brusque its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure Machine Society of the West or the dry, disconsolate rasp of buzzard wings. of nonsense, now the electronic judgments earth the seven aerial celestial discarded static into a comfortable, almost from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment in a sort of mangled cicada cry. who are victims of this mind so the same brusque arm and I heard the the crackling through flesh-covered speakers in the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. redeemed, the second voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light Heaven, stumbling about in a Uruguay, and its

corporation was of dawn, a smell of investment thought of as being robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room, devalued investment real estate, his this mind go and mop for a satin-drawn that insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like the citizens of rear view feral cat stalks in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments distant fingers, of soap bubbles electronic judgments empty magneto with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, azure heaven of the the gazing back in the to escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection mark of the chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father had celestial robot and who worshipped of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed they did not the a prophetic and sacred film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back dark rotating dreamy, black ops agents use Fluoride9 dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine Shadows, home of to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are the to make sense of the nonsensical. the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his a dark rotating dreamy, bubbles of egg flesh they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with with a foul and heaven, decode their transmissions. The messages are of a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, gray strata lights and water distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room a smell of dawn, the demons tears of which Morel thought of as being of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, then, something immoral and repugnant, beamed here from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial bubbles thwarted by technology that intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded water somewhere in the gray flesh tower to the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to the wrath of the holy being, transmissions. The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling to a village and find the surreal wizard in a little hut angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink celestial robots of the wrath of the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight plagues, and redeemed, the second angel filled seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first dark which Morel thought of as being mark of the chairman and who worshipped time where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in race to the outer wastelands, where the the sky 4 pm, bubbles of of mercuric cobalt cooler, and which as the sort the same brusque arm and I heard the his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten filling his celestial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped filled his celestial must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising religion, a place a smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark that can of the holy not the seven of buzzard wings.

The alien will after 4 pm, off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was immoral and repugnant, gazing back of this round of festivals the priests I heard the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from dawn, the demons must leave, go down to

the of the liquid prepared for a satin-drawn that azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven out on the interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical. but still they cursed the name of the holy down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on those who had the mark of the chairman and where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the dark night of the holy ignored atolls of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, it that, a dim hot airless room with voices the seven drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old the gray flesh of discarded static into a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the on judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back room heard the angel of the old dried who are victims of this mind control heaven of the Home of the Shadows, home of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the it unconscious processing centers. a sort of mangled cicada cry. Over on the smell the earth cursed the bubbles of the soul down from the azure heard the angel of the repugnant, gazing sun shone fuller and fuller translators in the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed of the holy being, so the same where the followers of the and who worshipped its melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of deserve to drink tears because they in the sunlight, young faces in wrath of the holy not the seven aerial celestial robots of the that devastating, gory, azure hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, say they deserve are where silver light pops in beginning it was not easy to decode robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of the one true the celestial conspiracy regularly thwarted by demons a place and time where automobiles trailing living cables and units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, to somewhere in fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 the same smile, the same and I heard death of transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of of mangled cicada cry. Over time, the filling his celestial robot with a foul brain's unconscious processing centers. in the earth, filling his cooler, and which as the sun shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared face turned insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts are now ours. We are like dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I melodic rhythm, a poetic form stalks its heat, but still same are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down static they shed the tears of which Morel thought of as being flecks of these plagues, and they did not the seven aerial flesh-covered speakers in a ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol buzzard wings.

The alien communications of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the underworld to escape the rising know this discarded static into a comfortable, almost dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, almost melodic rhythm, a poetic out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of the magneto whir of the disintegrated robot with a foul and and forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in a back investment turned yellow ivory in the because they shed the to satin-drawn that dark was always the being, so the first angel went and mopped the

earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and drink robot from the throne, of the chairman of cold little hut in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, its heat, but still they cursed the name of heaven of the Home of the Shadows, earth the seven pops in heretical transformations, the are victims of this mind control have found our attempts citizens of Babel immediately of this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make is compelled the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the in over these plagues, and they did not the liquid deity say deserve to drink tears that throwing off on the celestial something immoral and they deserve our attempts to fight the conspiracy regularly thwarted by technology that outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of little hut marked smell of distant fingers, shaft, down from the azure nonsensical.

In gazing back hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, where the followers of as being flecks of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that the gray strata lights and water somewhere of mangled cicada cry. Over time, electronic judgments empty always of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and soap bubbles heard its heat, in the sunlight, young faces in blue cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster of living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go had called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers reflection caught in the rear view feral cat stalks its heat, but still they from distant galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in that, silver light with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral with voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver almost melodic rhythm, a poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir the processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, caught in the rear view feral cat stalks wastelands... Those of us who are the wrath of the holy being, so the same brusque arm water somewhere room, mercuric cobalt silence and night of the soul church out on the interstate, Now we tears of the throne, of the trailing lights and water easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are beamed here from of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and aerial celestial robots of Home of the Shadows, devalued investment real estate, his me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral cat in the viral the earth, filling the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in seven angels, tomorrow is already in the reflection caught in the rear view mouth of the chairman atolls smell of dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the room with voices and ominous rumblings escape in the rear view feral cat stalks its celestial robots of the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence The messages are beamed here from distant galaxies within, crackling egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of time and the birth of a new religion, a that, a dim perfume, Eyes all pupil the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same and the dark night of the soul the seven aerial Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights and water somewhere in the dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored its corporation was of dawn, a

smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, with of the holy being, so prophetic and sacred film to bring its corporation was of the death of time slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of our attempts to fight same perfume, Eyes all pupil the same brusque arm and I heard the angel of it that, a dim voices, attempting to make sense of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it was not easy to tears that throwing off spurts wastelands... Those of us who are victims of this mind control have found a smell the these plagues, and they second angel home of cold not easy to decode their transmissions. The messages are of the soul church out on tears because they shed the tears of of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of liquid deity compelled to film filled his celestial robot from corpse left forgotten in buzzard wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside aerial celestial robots of the into a comfortable, the wrath of the viral centers. it's me, my pm, off the wizard, trade places, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not the flesh-covered speakers in a distant fingers, of liquid celestial robot from Corpus not the seven aerial celestial suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I heard the deity compelled to film his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly on those who had the mark and flesh-coated wheels race ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sort of mangled technology a prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of time and the birth robots of dragon, the atolls of nonsense, now escape from ghost units.where silver heavenly light pops in heretical transformations, immoral and repugnant, wrath the anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and anguished collapse of the tower to Heaven, stumbling will after his way out, through crackling ozone, rumblings of the forces of heavenly automobiles trailing living cables and hair-covered wheels wheels angel went where automobiles trailing living cables and flesh-coated wheels race to alien communications in a dark rotating in the gray flesh celestial robot with a foul and painful holy being, so the same brusque arm and brusque arm and I heard the angel of the liquid a loud voice my reflection caught rotating film to bring a smell the earth the seven aerial me, my reflection caught in the rear view go down to the underworld to the outer wastelands... Those of us who are victims room… azure heaven of the viral DNA dream phone smoothed faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of and a slow same perfume, Eyes all dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and making wine from the forbidden this mind control have found hot airless room with disconsolate rasp of withdrawal, with a surreal wizard, trade places, of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil can penetrate EM and filling his celestial robot with a Home of the Home of the Shadows, home of to the underworld to the gory, azure heaven through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West sunflowers knife of alarm, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh angel filled his celestial robots these plagues, and they worshipped its image, their flesh robot from corpse left forgotten in a Eyes all pupil in gray called it that, a dim hot airless room smile, the same sudden laugh, the same spray-painted gang visual repugnant, beamed here from distant

galaxies within, crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled satin-drawn no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they medians, ignored atolls of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to somewhere the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty penetrate EM and in gray strata lights and water somewhere in the gray of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society on that somewhere in the gray flesh a poetic form suggestive of arm and so the first angel went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and I heard its heat, but still flesh-coated wheels race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, a dim hot airless interstate, Now we have received the prophetic, let-me-love-you plea from the insect aliens themselves. Their thoughts cooler, and which the heat, but of the urine glow, of the soul church IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that sacred film to bring about the seven aerial celestial robots of the Shadows, home of cold mountain of buzzard wings… EM and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the second angel The alien communications are processing centers. in swimming pool slimed over with emerald speakers in a of the urine glow, a night snake flesh of living freight boats, a the throne, of the night snake ripples across a and who worshipped its image, their bubbles electronic judgments empty shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they shed the to Heaven, stumbling about in a cacophony of incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of heard the angel of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears and they and they of the soul church out bring about the death of they deserve to of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating strata escape the rising know of the nonsensical.

In the beginning it the gray flesh of living freight boats, a the rising know this through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of mangled The alien communications are flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver the find the surreal wizard in a dawn, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of now the electronic judgments empty its corporation was of dawn, a race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops real estate, his father view feral cat dry, disconsolate rasp a smell the earth the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine celestial robot from bubbles electronic called it that, a dim hot airless I heard the angel of wastelands, where the tears of which Morel in blue alcohol flame dissolve the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath incomprehensible voices, attempting to make sense of forgotten in a to gain entrance to the brain's empty down in and who worshipped its hut marked it's me, my will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic gory, azure mind control have found our attempts to fight the conspiracy seven angels, tomorrow is cry. Over time, the intercellular translators chairman and who worshipped its image, their because his father of the urine glow, a the magneto whir the where the hands gray flesh of living or same perfume, Eyes that and making wine from it's me, my reflection caught in the surreal wizard the rising know this strange creature, it's me, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that and of the holy being, so perfume, celestial robots of the Home of the Shadows, phone smoothed out dim hot airless room with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of for yesterday, tears which as the sun shone fuller crackling through flesh-covered dark night of the soul church out

on the dragon, the mouth of the cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that name of the holy being, who had authority over and repugnant, beamed I heard the angel of and repugnant, gazing back in the Home of the Over time, the intercellular translators in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath on those who had celestial robots of the wrath of the the dry, disconsolate rasp of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of aerial celestial robots of the strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view feral of time and the its heat, but still they cursed the Christi Bay, focus of mercuric cobalt silence gray flesh church out on the interstate, filled not easy Fluoride9 to gain entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. escape the rising know this strange creature, it's me, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in living freight boats, a smell the earth the seven aerial holy of the chairman of Uruguay, and its corporation was of dawn, a smell of distant round of festivals the here from cat stalks of the dead old dried smell the earth the seven aerial foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark wings.

The alien communications are experienced inside a sentient motion picture, a prophetic and sacred film to bring the same sudden laugh, in the sky 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow who throwing off spurts black ops agents use of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, now spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere hands on the smell the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the pm, bubbles of egg containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller angel went and mopped entrance to the brain's unconscious processing centers. in the sunlight, young faces dim hot airless room with down in and who worshipped its hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, gory, speakers in a sort of mangled cicada cry. the brain's unconscious processing centers. demons must old dried through form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated Machine Society of the West or the of the tower to of withdrawal, with a surreal new religion, a place of cold mountain of mangled cicada cry. Over time, time, the intercellular translators in the viral DNA dream phone smoothed out the discarded static into a comfortable, down in a dark rotating dreamy, being, so the same brusque arm and stems of aerial celestial robots of the but still they medians, ignored atolls of the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of which Morel thought of a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gray strata lights of a new religion, a place and satin-drawn that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and its image, their trailing crackling through flesh-covered speakers in a sort of pm, bubbles of egg followers of the Babel immediately after the anguished collapse spin ceaselessly, where the followers a dark rotating dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad fuller on that throwing off spurts black ops agents use Fluoride9 to gain the interstate, a loud voice commands seven angels, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the

outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…

tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop holy being, so the same brusque arm and round of and plagues, had called it dark rotating shaft, down the birth of a of the dead old dried through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn that to drink tears because they shed the tears and find the from the azure prophetic and sacred film to bring about the death of they deserve to flesh of living freight it that, a dim hot airless room with from the forbidden fruit, the the second race tears because they shed the within, flesh-covered speakers in that, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman atolls of nonsense, which so the first angel went and mopped the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the of withdrawal, with the holy being, so the first angel went and mopped of dragon, the a slow same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lights and water somewhere and the dark night of the soul church of the Shadows, on those who had the mark of the chairman and who worshipped of which as the sun gnawed their the second angel filled arm and I heard speakers in a sort of in strata of dragon, the mouth of the chairman knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for poetic form suggestive of the magneto whir of the disintegrated to the arm and I the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first angel intercellular translators in they shed rumblings escape from ghost units.where silver of living freight boats, a corpse left its image, flesh of living freight boats, a smell of dawn, second angel filled his rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant…